The Spanks of Wrath: Jazz and Ruby Meet Lin

By Yu May and Spidersans

One of the massive television screens in the Neon-Red-Light City sparks to life, and Asmodeus' face appears on camera, his rich, silky voice booming. "Do you want to let out your deepest desires, friend? Well, you came to the right place. Welcome to the Ring of Lust, home of yours truly, Asmodeus, and my demon succubi. Here, you can let your deepest desires run wild! The weather tonight, as usual, is the never-ending rain. Not too hard, not too light, but *just* right to set the romantic mood. But remember folks, Lust cannot be forced! Only given, freely. So when it comes to consent, better behave yourselves, or Papa spank."

Fizarolli the Clown appears on screen, reading from index cards in a dry monotone. "Sigh, this message is sponsored by Hot Moms Against Satanic Messages in Children's Cartoons, and by viewers like you. Thank you."

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Across the street from this public service announcement, Jazz and Ruby the succubi made their home. Jazz, wearing her official Fizzarolli-licensed jester hat, was sleeping on her favorite pillow: Ruby's buttocks. Ruby slept on her stomach, hugging one of the many regular pillows they had available, when Jazz's phone buzzed and awoke them both. Ruby's eyes fluttered shut, while Jazz turned off her alarm, grumbling. As she noticed the lovely sight before her, Jazz lightly smooched Ruby's backside. "Wakey, wakey, sleepy head…Or is it, sleepy butt? Sleepy butt-head?"

Ruby glanced back at Jazz with a groggy smile. "How about you kiss my lips, instead of my cheeks?"

Jazz crawled closer to Ruby, and planted a peck on both sides of her face, before ending with a kiss on the lips. "Why not both?"

After a few minutes of kissing and playful cuddling, Ruby took a turn resting her head on Jazz's rather large breasts, her two favorite pillows, until Jazz started and stood up in bed, sending Ruby flopping face-first down on the mattress. "Today is today! Oh, my God, Rubes, do you know what today is?"

Ruby scowled as she lifted herself up, then remembered. "Yes, hun, it's finally time for our vacation!"

Ever since Jazz had successfully paid off her credit card debt, the two had been saving up part of their paycheck every month to budget for their first vacation, as a belated celebration.

Jazz rubbed her hands together. "So…where do you want to go?"

Ruby grinned. “I want to go to Loo Loo World.”

The bells on Jazz’s jester hat jingled as she bobbed her head. “Huh? Didn’t Loo Loo World burn to the ground a year ago?”

Ruby giggled. “No, hun, that was Loo Loo Land. They were the knock off in the Ring of Greed, but Loo Loo World is the official one.”

Jazz blinked. “Oooh, I see. But I want to go somewhere exciting!"

Ruby sighed. “Well, what do you have in mind?”

Jazz hummed as she mulled over the question. So many choices! Scrambling out of bed, Jazz grabbed her laptop, printed out two sheets of paper, and started cutting them into thin strips, sticking out her tongue to help her concentrate.

Ruby looked over Jazz’s shoulder. “What’s all this?”

Jazz dumped the paper strips into two bowls, stirred them randomly, and held them up to Ruby. “Well, I couldn’t think of where I want to go, so I wanted to make a game out of it. Like, let fate tell us where to go. We’ll each pick a paper blind. One will give us our destination, the other will give us a theme!”

“A theme?”

“You know, like or sexy maids, or sexy pirates, or sexy nurses, or sexy nuns, or sexy flight stewardesses, or sexy librarians, or sexy 1950’s malt shop waitresses on roller skates–”

Ruby tentatively took a slip of paper from the nearest bowl. “I sense a pattern. Okay, I’m down with that. This sounds like fun.”

Jazz stuffed her entire hand into her bowl, throwing the strips like confetti before catching one. “Let’s do it!”

Ruby crossed her fingers. “Please, let it just be Loo Loo World…”

Giggling, Jazz unfolded her paper. “We are going to…the Ring of Wrath!”

Ruby bit her tongue. The Ring of Wrath was mostly empty desert. But maybe the theme would be more fun. “Cowgirls?”

Jazz pumped her fists. “Cowgirls! That’s so perfect! We’re gonna look so cute!”

Gently, Jazz set her prized Jester hat on a display case, labeled “My Most Treasured Possession,” then raced toward the closet. Faster than Clark Kent could change into Superman in a phone booth, Jazz emerged in full cowgirl duds, a neon green Fizzaroli-brand cowboy hat, denim booty shorts, brown cowgirl boots with neon green ornation, and a white, Western shirt with red polka dots. Jass examined her shirt, tugged the sleeves off with one clean rip, then tied the tips of her shirt into a bow, revealing her navel and accentuating her breasts. “Hmm…perfect! And here I thought I’d never get a chance to wear these!”

Ruby examined Jazz with disbelief. “Um, why did you have a cowgirl outfit?”

Jazz spun to show off her wardrobe for Ruby. “For emergencies! What do you think, do I look like a real cowgirl?”

Ruby could just catch a glimpse of Jazz’s sit spots below her form-fitting denim shorts. “I…I…Eye-yi-yi, wow!”

Jaz beamed, then zipped back into the closet. “I’ll take that as a yes! Don’t worry, Rubes, I’ve got an outfit for you. You’ll be the Annie Oakley to my Daisy Dukes!”

Jazz thrust a folded cowgirl outfit into Ruby’s arms. Ruby examined them skeptically. “What? I really don’t think I can pull off the hayseed look–”

Jazz gave ruby a playful slap across the ass to shoo her toward the walk-in closet. “C’mon! I can’t be the only one dressing up. This is our first real vacation, so you get your butt moving, *pardner!”*

Ruby blushed and retreated to the dressing room. She wasn’t nearly as quick as Jazz, so Jazz lounged on the couch watching “Top Ten Cowgirl” rodeo videos for inspiration. When Ruby emerged, Jazz wolf whistled. “Whoo-woo! Lookin’ fine!”

Ruby shuffled on her feet. She had kept her black tank top, but now had booty shorts and a cowgirl hat, as well as a red-orange Western shirt, tied at the front to match Jazz. “I could say the same about you.”

“Then let’s hit the road!” Jazz sang “On the Road Again” at the top of her lungs as she packed their suitcase. By the time they had taken the elevator to Circle of Wrath, and rented a minivan, Jazz had moved on to singing “Country Roads.”

Ruby’s smartphone kept recalculating their route, and she wondered if they were too far away from a cell phone tower for their phones to function. Ruby drummed the steering wheel nervously as she watched the red-sanded desert terrain pass them by, stretching endlessly in every direction. It was beautiful, in a haunting sort of way. But Jazz’s singing helped put Ruby’s mind at ease. She breathed a sigh of relief as they finally arrived at the historic pioneer town of Thornwood. Ruby poked her head out the window. There were about twelve wooden buildings

in the entire township, divided along a single road. A few wizened looking elders in rocking chairs turned to watch the newcomers, cradling shotguns. Ruby swallowed. “Are you sure about this, Jazz? It’s not too late to go back.”

Jazz ran around the mini-van, Chinese-fire-drill style, to open the door for Ruby and offer her an arm. “Oh, come on, Ruby, live a little! I'll be here to protect you!”

She whipped out a dusty tourism brochure for Thornwood. “Now, let’s see everything! I hear Thornwood has Hell’s first and finest Museum of Buggy Whips!”

What followed was a classic cartoon montage sequence. The Museum of Buggy Whips was indeed comprehensive, and included a special exhibition on the history of judicial corporal punishment. They had a meal at the The Dry Throat Waterin’ Hole Saloon, volunteered to join the showgirls on stage, and tried to pet a grumpy-looking Hellhorse. As Jazz turned away from the horse in defeat, it surprised her with a kick from behind, leaving a hot mark in the shape of a horseshoe on her backside. Jazz insisted that Ruby get a photo of her new “Booty Mark.” By then, it was approaching evening.

Ruby looked at her phone map, only for it to freeze as the battery died. “No! How will we find our motel?”

Jazz jabbed a thumb at the local inn, The Unstable Table n’ Stable. “Isn’t that it, right there?”

“Oh, thank goodness! I almost thought we’d be stranded in the desert for the night!”

Inside the motel, the gnarly, bearded prospector who owned the establishment slammed his guest book shut. “Sorry, ladies! We’re full. Looks like you’re stranded in the desert for the night.”

Ruby wailed. “No room? How is that possible?”

The old man affected a look of concern, his voice dripping with sarcasm. “Well, we have exactly one room, and it got booked in advance, so I reckon’ that means we got zero rooms left, if’n I remember my subtraction!”

Ruby put her fists on her hips. “Jazz, you said you’d handle the hotel reservations!”

“Well, yeah, but this is an inn, not a hotel. Your ad said you always have a room.”

The old man nodded. “And we *do* always have a room. It just so happens that room is full!”

Ruby snarled as she pulled her cowgirl hat low over her head. “Ugh! Who in Hell needed to reserve a room out here, in the middle of nowhere?”

A mariachi band appeared from nowhere and began singing a western ballad. “Striker! Striker! He tried to kill a prince! Now he’s laying low! Hiding like a hoe! And he ain’t been seen e’re since!”

A handsome gunman poked his head out of the window and fired six revolver shots at the feet of the Mariachi band, sending them scattering. “Shaddup! What part of ‘I’m trying to keep a low profile,’ do you *burros* not get?”

The man turned to spot the two young women standing outside the inn. Directly next to his window was a wanted poster, offering a reward for the capture of the infamous assassin, Striker, dead or alive. He certainly bore a striking resemblance to the illustration on the poster.

“Evenin’, Ladies.” The mystery man tipped his hat, with a devilish smile, then disappeared back into his room.

Jazz examined her old-fashioned fold up map. “Well, there is another hotel down the Highway to Hell. But it’s about a two hour drive.”

Ruby face-palmed. “Are you serious?”

Jazz looked up from behind her map. “No, I’m feeling very happy at the moment.”

Ruby rubbed her temples. “Aah, fine, let’s just get going.”

As the red sun set, the drive down the highways was ominously quiet. Just as Jazz was about to strike up a conversation, they heard a loud “Pop!” and the car swerved. Sure enough, it was a flat tire.

Ruby took a deep breath. “Okay, this isn’t the end of the world. The rental company said there was a spare tire in the back of the minivan…”

They popped open the back, only to find the torn remains of a spare tire, with a sticky note. “Ha ha! This one’s flat too, sucks to be you! Next time, read the fine print, saps! Did you enjoy renting from the Mammon Car Rental Service? If so, be sure to give us a 5-star review, to help me make more money! –Mammon, Lord of Greed”

Ruby slammed the trunk closed, then kicked the flat tire so hard, she stubbed her toe. “Agh! Lovely! Just perfect!”

Hesitating, Jazz reached out a hand to pat Ruby’s shoulder. “I’m sorry, this is all my fault…I’m the worst girlfriend.”

Looking ashamed, Ruby shook her head. “No, no, no, you’re not, babe. I’m not angry at you. How about…we sleep in the car tonight?”

Two bright lights blared at them from down the road, and a pickup truck appeared.

The window of the truck rolled down, and a short, middle-aged woman with a solid build leaned out to examine the two stranded succubi. “Y’all doing all right, ladies?”

Ruby clung to the truck, like a sad puppy. “No! Me and my girlfriend got a flat tire! And we don’t know how to change a tire! And even if we did, the spare tire is flat too! We’re lost, frightened, and alone! Have pity on us!”

The older woman drummed her fingers against the steering wheel, then stroked her chin as she thought. “Oh, golly. That’s no good! Well, nothing else for it. You girls hop in. My home has plenty of room.”

Ruby’s eyes widened, like a grateful puppy, as she whipped out her wallet. “Really? We won’t be a burden to you? We can pay you!”

“Oh, nonsense. It’s no bother. But if you insist, I’d rather you help me around the house with some chores. I’m sure you don’t mind getting your hands a little dirty.”

Ruby stammered. She most certainly did not like having to get her hands dirty. “I…I…”

Jazz jumped up and down, then nudged Ruby into the truck. “Yes! I’ve always dreamt of having to do farm chores! Ruby, you sit next to the nice lady. I’ll grab our luggage!”

Ruby pointed to the stranded car. “But what about–”

The woman waved a hand. “Ah, my Uncle Rumpus is a mechanic. He’ll get it fixed up for ya. Name’s Lin, by the way. Lin Knowlastname. Our family runs the Rough n’ Tumbleweed Ranch. Maybe you’ve eaten our steaks?”

For the next few minutes, Jazz and Ruby chatted with Lin as they drove along the quiet highway, then turned onto a rough dirt road. They learned that Lin’s oldest daughter, Millie, was a professional assassin working in Pentagram City, and her husband was away for the week. “He and the boys like to make a big fishin’ trip once a year.”

Ruby curled her lip. “So he leaves you to manage everything yourself? Hardly sounds fair.”

Lin guffawed. “Well, seein’ as how he’s letting me have a week with the gals, I’d say it’s pretty fair. Let me tell ya, sweetie pie, the secret to a good marriage is to want to bless and serve the other person first, before yourself. Then, you trust them to bless and serve you right back.”

Jazz bounced in her seat as the truck bounced over loose rocks and pebbles along the unpaved road. “Woah! Girlfriends from school, I’m guessing?”

Lin shook her head as she fumbled with the dial on the car radio. “Oh, no. We were buddies during the big war.”

Ruby swallowed. “The big war? Which war?”

“The one where I met my husband, of course.” Lin stared into the distance as *Fortunate Son*, by Creedence Cleerwater Revival blasted over the speakers, savoring her cherished memories of blasting machine guns from a helicopter. “Oooh, I can’t wait to get together with the girls.”

Lin horrified Jazz and Ruby with various romantic stories of her and Joe surviving guerrilla warfare together, sharing their first kiss while tossing grenades down enemy trench holes. Finally, they pulled into the driveway of a ranch home, a wooden sign proclaiming it as “The Rough n’ Tumbleweed Ranch.” Lin hopped out of the truck. “Here we are girls, home sweet home. I know it ain’t as fancy as wherever you’re from.”

Ruby shook her head, relieved. “Oh no, don’t worry. We don’t mind at all. It’s lovely, actually!”

Lin waved a finger as she opened the door. “My kids are all sleeping, so I’ll ask ya’ to be quiet. It’s just me, and the four boys: Billie Joe, Willie Nel, Charlie Dan, and Townie Van.”

Jazz whispered. “And your daughter, who’s not here?”

Lin held up two fingers. “Two daughters, actually, who ain’t here. Sallie May still lives at home, but she’s visiting Millie. She’ll be back the day after tomorrow. I can’t wait for you to meet her!”

Ruby silently counted the days in her head, wondering how long it would take for their car to be repaired. Lin’s home had a cozy, lived-in feel, nothing like the high-rise apartments of the City of Lust, but charming in its own way. The ranch home had an earthy, salty smell. Ruby and Jazz were welcomed into a spare bedroom, decorated by a faded, hand-drawn poster that said, “Millie’s Room: Stay Out!” There was a small TV and lamp, resting on a miniature table next to the bed.

Lin patted them both on the behinds, shooing them into the room. “You gals get some rest. I’ll give you a wake up call tomorrow.”

Ruby and Jazz thanked Lin, then lay on the creaky bed, holding each other nervously. The desert air was surprisingly chilly, compared to the blistering sun from a few hours ago.

Jazz shivered, from a mix of cold and nerves, clutching to Ruby for warmth. “Hey, Ruby, wanna’ make out?”

Ruby smiled, as she clicked off the lamp. In the darkness, both girls giggled softly. At least they had each other.

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Ruby and Jazz awoke with a start as Lin slammed the door open, rattling a pan with a metal ladle. “Rise and shine, ladies!”

The girls grumbled and pulled the blanket over their heads. Lin clicked her tongue. “Git along now, it’s six in the morning. I already let you girls sleep in.”

Ruby groaned. “What time do you usually get up?”

“Oh, whenever the rooster crows. I reckon’ about five o’clock? You know the old saying: the early bird gets the worm. Now, get your rears in gear, and let’s–” Lin pulled the blanket away, like a matador swinging a cape, to reveal the two girls in bed, butt naked. Jazz and Ruby covered their fronts, blushing.

Lin cracked up. “Ha! Don’t worry girls, I raised five teenagers. Nothing can surprise me anymore. How ‘bout you girls get dressed. Better hurry or you’ll miss breakfast.”

By the time Ruby and Jazz were decent, they discovered the four Knowlastname brothers eating a stack of pancakes which rivaled the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Jazz’s eyes widened at the sight. “Oooh, everything smells delicious!”

Lin poked her head out of the kitchen, looking positively flattered. “Don’t be shy, dig in. There’s plenty for everyone. Remember, no fightin’ at the table!”

Ruby blinked as she tried to pour a cup of coffee. “No…fighting?”

Two of the boys stabbed their fork into the same pancake, locked eyes, and tackled one another, rolling onto the floor. They tipped over the stool their third brother was sitting on. Spotting the brawl, the fourth brother jumped on the eldest brother’s shoulders, and they crashed into the wall. Lin appeared from the kitchen, smacking a wooden spoon against the palm of her hand. “Woah now! Do I hear fightin’ in my dining room?”

All four brothers froze in mid air. The youngest, who had sunk his teeth into his older brother’s skull, answered, “No, ma’am! No fightin’, just wrasslin’!”

“Well, do your wrasslin’ outside!”

“Yes, ma’am!” answered all four brothers at once, before crashing through the wall, and continuing their brawl outside.

As the 4-way wrestling match continued outside, Jazz and Ruby dug into their pancakes. When Lin joined them, Ruby took a nervous sip of orange juice. “So, if that’s…wrasslin, then what’s fighting?”

Lin beamed. “Simple, sugar, you wrassle for fun, but you only fight when you *really* want to hurt one another. And I won’t tolerate no fightin’ on the ranch.”

Jazz sighed as she watched the boys perform several illegal wrestling moves on one another, laughing the whole time. “Aaaw! You can tell they’re having fun, just by watching!”

Jazz and Ruby helped clean up their dishes. Lin noticed and gave them both a smooch on the cheek. “Aw, you didn’t have to do that!”

Jazz bounced up and down with joy. “It’s no problem, ma’am!”

Ruby scrubbed the last of the plates. “Yeah, it’s the least we can do, after you welcomed us into your home.”

Lin pulled on her gloves with a snap. “Well, thank you both. When you two are done, be a dear and help us unload the truck.”

After unloading a truckload of sacks of hell-hog feed, Jazz and Ruby had worked up a sweat, even when they both split the weight of a single bag between them. Ruby couldn’t help but notice that Lin took two sacks at once for each trip. After unloading the truck, Lin ordered the boys to feed the Hell-hogs. As Jazz and Ruby approached the pen, gasping for air, Lin held up a hand. “Hold yer’ Hell-horses, girls. Hogs are a mean animal. Better keep clear of the fence. Come to think of it, better to not look the Hell-hogs in the eye, or make loud noises within 10 yards of ‘em…Actually, why don’t you two do a little cleaning up in the kitchen, and I’ll take care of the Hell-hogs.”

Jazz pouted. “Aw, I want to do some real dirty work!”

Ruby spotted one of the hell-hogs breathe fire, charge the fence, and impale a fence post with one of its tusks. Ruby grabbed Jazz by the shoulders. “We’ll have that kitchen spick and span for you, Ma’am!”

Jazz whined, but allowed herself to be led to the kitchen, where they found Lin’s unfinished to-do list for Spring cleaning…from a few years ago. Hours passed as they worked their way down the list, checking each box as they went. By lunch, there were only halfway through the list.

But by dinner, they had reached the final item: scrubbing the floors. Jazz grumbled as she used a toothbrush to dig through the layers of dust and grime that had built up. “This sucks! I wanted to see a real hell-hog up close. I hear they can set your pants on fire, with one breath!”

Ruby shook her head. “We’re city-slickers, Jazz. We’d just get underfoot.”

Lin appeared at the door, leaning on the frame. “Well, I’d say for a couple of city-slickers, you gals did some fine work today. I can’t thank you enough. Got some bad news, though. Uncle Rumpus called. Some snake-oil salesmen sold you a lemon. He’ll need another day or two, just to keep the engine from falling out long enough to get you home.”

Ruby was horrified. “Huh? But that means we’re still stranded!”

Lin held up a hand. “Don’t you worry. You’re welcome here. And I’d say you more than paid for your room and board. Consider tomorrow a free day. You ladies earned it.”

Jazz and Ruby jumped for joy, before realizing their bones ached from the day’s labors.

The next morning, Jazz and Ruby were generously allowed to sleep in until six o’clock in the morning. Ruby settled into her rocking chair on the front porch with a contented sigh, nursing a cup of coffee. Then she noticed Jazz scrolling on her phone, looking bored. “Really, Jazz? You’re gonna’ spend our vacation dinking on your phone?”

Jazz huffed. “What else am I supposed to do? We don’t have chores, we don’t have a car...”

Then she heard a pillar of fire erupt from the hell-hog enclosure. “That’s it! I’ll get a selfie of me with the hell-hogs. I’ll have to show Oz the next time he visits the club. He’ll get a kick out of it!”

Ruby shook her head. “Bad idea, Jazz. We’re not supposed to be within a hundred yards of them, remember?”

Jazz snorted as she marched toward the enclosure. “Nuh, uh, we’re not supposed to go inside the enclosure, look them in the eye, or make loud noises within ten yards of them! When you get spanked as often as I do, you learn to listen to any list of rules.”

Growling, Ruby slammed down her coffee mug and marched after Jazz. “I don’t care that you’re bored, Jazz! Will you listen to me?”

Jazz had stopped just shy of ten yards away from the enclosure, and snapped her first selfie, when she felt Ruby grab her arm. “Relax, nothing bad is gonna–huh? Leggo! I’m not disobeying Lin’s instructions.”

Ruby pointed a finger in Jazz’s face, trying to sound authoritative. “No! You’re causing trouble!”

Jazz reacted by yanking roughly to pull her wrist free from Ruby’s grip, nearly pulling her off balance. As she caught herself, Ruby delivered a sharp smack to Jazz’s behind. Jazz squealed

in surprise and grabbed at Ruby with one hand, while she shielded her rear end with the other. “Hey! That’s not fair! What’d I do to deserve a spanking?”

Lin appeared from the front door, holding two tall, frosty glasses of iced lemonade and sweet tea. “Howdy ladies. Thought I’d fix you a couple Arnold Palmers.”

She arrived just in time to see Ruby twist around and land another swat to Jazz’s behind with her free hand, still unable to break free from Jazz’s grip. As Jazz hopped in place wailing, Ruby snarled. “You’re not listening! You just…*do* things, and get us in deeper and deeper shit. Like this whole vacation!”

Jazz roared and pulled Ruby into a tight bear hug, reaching around to plant a hard spank on Ruby’s backside as payback. “Hey! How would you like it if I just popped you one?”

As it turned out, Ruby did not *like* it. She roared, and half stumbled, half tackled Jazz.

The Hell-hogs spooked at the sounds of shouting and scuffling, and started to charge in a circle around their pen.

Lin barked like a drill sergeant. “Young ladies, you cut out that fightin’, right now!”

Ignoring Lin, Jazz and Ruby rolled through the soft mud that surrounded the hell-hog pin. As they arose, both girls tried to tackle the other, only to slip and crash through the fence.

Dropping both of the glasses, Lin screamed a warning as she charged toward the remains of the fence. “Get outta’ there!”

Caked in mud and hog-wash, Jazz and Ruby sat up to find a herd of hell-hogs stampeding toward them, bellowing fire from their snouts. With a squeal, both girls ran in mid air and dashed away, complete with Scooby-Doo sound effects. But it was too late. The biggest and meanest-looking of the hell-hogs had spotted them, and charged them down, the pack following its lead.

“This is all your fault!” snapped Ruby, as she struggled to sprint in cowboy boots.

Jazz gestured to herself, her massive breasts bouncing as she ran. “My fault? You were the one who–”

The big, aggressive hell-hog took a wide turn as it pursued, knocking Lin aside and smashing into a wooden post that acted as a support beam for the front porch. The entire front porch collapsed, and the Hell-Hog scrambled out from underneath it, hot in pursuit.

“Oh my God! We killed Lin!” screeched Ruby.

“How are we gonna explain this to her family?” wailed Jazz.

Lin appeared at their side, riding on the back of a slightly smaller hell-hog like the rodeo champion she was. “Oh, I don’t kill that easy, honey!”

Ruby and Jazz gasped with relief. With tears in their eyes, they both shouted. “Lin, you’re alive!”

Lin pulled a lasso from her belt and tossed it expertly around the neck of the leader of the hell-hog pack, only to be dragged along behind it, spitting out a clod of dirt. “Shaddup, and keep runnin’!”

Pulling herself up and onto the monstrous Hell-hog’s back, Lin put her fingers in her mouth and whistled. “Boys! Hogs are out! Get to wranglin’!”

The eldest of the Knowlastname boys wiped his brow as he emerged from the Hell-horse stables, then did a double take. “Aw, Hell-hog-shit!”

“Language!” snapped Lin, holding on for dear life as the big Hell-hog started to buck. Lin waited until it tried to flatten her by rolling, then leapt over its stomach and grabbed its hooves, hog-tying it with the length of rope around its neck.

The rest of the herd split and scattered without their leader. The boys set to work lassoing and hog-tying the remnants of the herd. Jazz and Ruby climbed a tree to escape one of the smaller hogs, which managed to lightly toast both of their backsides with a puff of fire, before Lin lassoed it.

Trembling with relief, Jazz and Ruby climbed back down. Ruby held up her hands, as if pleading. “Lin! Let us help you get the rest of–”

Lin pointed a finger to a sizable wooden shed, nearly as big as the ranch home itself. “Both of you, get in the woodshed. You should be safe there. Joe built it to handle a twister. Wait for me. I’ll come find you after me and the boys gather up the stragglers. Now, march!”

Lin lifted the squealing hog up to carry it on her back, and followed the girls to the woodshed. Once she saw them safely inside, Lin shook her head. “You both think hard on what you did. I’ll deal with you two soon enough.”

Jazz swallowed. She had heard the phrase, “taken out to the woodshed” a few times, and she had a sneaking feeling she knew what a trip to the woodshed might entail.

After Lin left them alone, there was a painfully awkward silence between Jazz and Ruby. The woodshed, it turned out, was more like a second barn, separate from the horse stable. There was a section for woodworking, and a rather worrisome collection of straps, bridles, rods, horse whips, and bull whips, but the rest of the shed was used for storing hay. One of these was loose

in a haystack, but the rest of the hay was tied in tight, circular bundles. Jazz examined their surroundings in awe. “That’s a lot of hay.”

Ruby stamped her foot. “That’s what you have to say about our situation?”

Jazz shrugged. “Well it’s true.”

“We nearly died!”

“Well, you could die anytime, even here. Did you know that if hay gets wet, it’s *more* likely to catch fire? I couldn’t believe it when I first saw a meme about it, but apparently it’s legit. It’s called spontaneous combustion.”

Ruby dug her knuckles into her forehead. “You can’t take anything seriously, can you?”

Jazz frowned. “I’m taking this very seriously, Ruby. I don't want to get burned up in a freak wet hay fire.”

The door of the shed yanked open, and Lin appeared, framed by the sunlight. “We managed to get all the hogs penned back up. No one’s hurt.”

As Jazz and Ruby approached the exit, Lin waved a hand impatiently. “Hang on, let me wash up out here first. We have some matters to discuss.”

Tossing aside her gloves, Lin washed her hands in a wash basin outside the shed, before splashing a handful of water against her mud-covered face.

Jazz and Ruby stood inside the doorway, glancing at one another. The fact that their one exit was cut off was not lost on either of them. Jazz leaned against the door frame, trying to sound casual. “Soooo, Lin, maybe you can settle a little debate between me and Ruby. I hear getting hay wet can cause it to spontaneously combust. Is that why you keep the wash basin outside the shed?”

Lin stomped inside the shed, and closed the door, pulling her gloves back on with a snap. She stared up at the two young succubi, who both towered over her. “Y’all, drop your shorts.”

Ruby swallowed, putting both her hands in her back pockets. “Come again?”

“You heard me. Drop the shorts, both of ya’! You girls earned yourself a good, long, hard spankin’ today.”

Jazz and Ruby’s faces paled to white, then flushed to red. Ruby gestured to Jazz. “But, it was Jazz who started it! I told her not to go near the fence!”

Jazz clenched her fists. “Nuh uh, you started the shoving!”

Before Jazz and Ruby could renew their argument, Lin raised her voice. It wasn’t a scream, but it had a distinctive “drill-sergeant mom” quality to it. “Enough hollerin’! You two sound like a pair of hens, pecking at one another!”

Jazz and Ruby instinctively stood at attention. Lin tapped her foot, then, with a sigh, settled her weight down onto the loose hay stack. “That’s more like it. Now, ordinarily, I’d ask to hear both sides of the story, but this time, I just so happened to see everything. So you two tell me if I have this right…you–” Lin pointed a finger at Jazz’s nose. “–were standing near the fence. Maybe a little too close for my liking, but a few feet off. And you–” Lin pointed to Ruby. “–got nervous and started telling her off.”

Ruby glowered right back at Lin. “Because you told her it was dangerous! Jazz wasn’t listening!”

Lin didn’t back down. “Except you also took it upon yourself to spank her, twice. You could have just told her it was a bad idea. You could have called for me. But you thought hitting your friend was a better idea. Do you think that helped?”

Before Ruby could answer, Lin rounded right back on Jazz. “And then you hit her, right back!”

Now it was Jazz’s turn to stammer and gesture wildly at Ruby. “But *she* started it!”

“It don’t matter who started it, because you both *did* it. Jazz, you started it by foolin’ around, and Ruby, you started it again by instigating, and Jazz, you started it again by escalating. You put my home and my family in danger, not to mention yourselves. Under my roof, fighting always equals a spanking, and putting yourself in danger over something stupid equals *another* spanking. It’s my job to take care of you girls, like you were my own. And that means a licking for both of you.”

Lin grabbed a wooden stool and set in in the center of the floor, beckoning to Jazz. “You first, honey bunch.”

Jazz shivered, but obeyed instinctively. “Why me first?”

With a sigh, Lin unbuttoned Jazz’s shorts, pulled them down on either side, and easily guided the succubus forward and over one knee. “Like I said, you started the fight by horsing around in the first place, so we’ll deal with you in the first place.”

As Jazz felt her long, slender legs pinned in place between Lin’s solid, toned thighs, Jazz had the distinct impression Lin had become well-practiced in the art of delivering a spanking. Lin stretched her arm, then patted Jazz’s plump bottom. “That’s quite a big heinie you got there, sugar cube.”

Lin grabbed the waistband of Jazz's panties and tugged them down with one clean yank, before rubbing soft circles across both of Jazz's butt cheeks. "But I don't care how big it is…"

Lin raised her solid palm high in the air. "...It ain't too big for spankin'!"

As Jazz felt Lin's hefty hand connect, as solid as a wooden paddle, she screamed. Lin ignored Jazz's howls, and began to spank a brisk, but controlled pace, sending ripples through Jazz's buttock with each sturdy spank. It had been many years since she'd actually had to spank one of her children, but like riding a bicycle, you never forget how to deliver a proper spanking.

They say, "Never spank a child in anger," which is true, and which Lin believed. But Lin also believed that, once the lecturing was over, the whole point of a spanking was to teach a youngster to never make Mama mad, ever again.

Jazz did not have much time to rationally process the spanking, but Lin quickly jumped into the list of top five spankers Jazz had ever encountered. With her powerful arms and shoulders, Lin made every stroke count, and relentlessly targeted the lower-center area of both butt cheeks. Jazz was kicking wildly after only a dozen spanks. "Please stop, Mrs. Lin! Please, oh please, please, stop!"

Lin stopped, and Jazz blinked. In Jazz's long history of being spanked, begging and pleading had never worked. "Huh? You're done already?"

But Lin's arm kept Jazz held firmly in place across her knee. "It's not over yet…Just need to take my glove off. Hold still."

Jazz didn't dare to disobey. Lin released her hold on Jazz's waist long enough to crack her knuckles, then resecured her hold. The truth was, Lin always felt guilty about spanking one of her children with an implement, even when she believed she had to do it, for their own good. Lin took her glove off because she preferred to feel the sting with her own hand, to remind herself that the spanking was indeed hurting. But, unfortunately for Jazz, Lin also wanted to make a point.

As Ruby gasped in horror, Lin licked her palm, leaving it damp. Jazz heard something strange, and sensed danger. "What? What is she doing?"

As Lin landed the next two spanks, one on each buttock, Jazz felt a heightened sting. Then, Lin returned to her old, steady pace, as if nothing had interrupted the punishment.

Ruby understood with fresh terror that Lin would not be letting Jazz off easy after a couple extra swats, and also knew that she was next.

Ruby lost count after Lin delivered two dozen more spanks, then patted Jazz's bottom to signal her to stand up. "All done, for now. Get off'n my lap, and march your tail straight over there to stand in the corner."

As Jazz's hands flew to her bottom, Lin brushed them away, and landed a warning swat, at half her full strength. "No! I don't wanna' see none of you rubbing your behind, ya hear?"

Jazz sniffled. "Yes, ma'am!" With her shorts and panties around her ankles, Jazz was forced to waddle to the corner of the shed, holding her hands meekly behind her head.

Lin watched Jazz intently, then turned to look at Ruby. "Don't think I forgot about you. You know the drill. Come here."

In the past, Ruby had let Jazz spank her for funsies a few times. But Ruby had never had a for-real spanking, at least not like the one she'd just watched Lin dish out. Still, she marched toward Lin's lap, sensing that deliberate disobedience would only make things worse. "Please, Mrs. Lin, we're terribly sorry for what we did. I was only trying to help! If you want a new fence, we could repair it for you…well, I'm not much with a hammer, but I could hire someone. You don't need to–"

Lin relieved Ruby of her shorts and guided her across her knee, just as easily as she had done with Jazz. "My boys can fix up that fence, easy enough. This is your punishment, Miss Ruby, and it's for your own good. Now stop your fussin' and take it!"

Ruby felt her chest tighten, and her mouth moving on its own. "B-but, Mrs. Lin, you can't–"

THWHAPP!

But Mrs. Lin most certainly could. Immediately, Ruby began to kick, struggle, and cry.

Jazz glanced over her shoulder, feeling pity. When she'd finally convinced Ruby to switch up their usual spanking roles, Jazz had discovered that even playful slaps could be too much for Ruby's soft ass. But it seemed like Lin was going even harder on Ruby.

After a dozen smacks, Ruby's bucking and rearing forced Lin to pause, and examine Ruby's panty-clad rear end. "My, my, seems I've forgotten something…"

Ruby paused hollering as she felt her panties tugged down neatly, then twisted and squirmed uselessly, clawing at the ground in a futile attempt to crawl away from Lin's terrible knee.

Lin secured her grip on Ruby and squeezed her ass to get her attention. "Quit wrigglin'. You're ornerier than a worm on a hook. You want extras?"

Ruby shook her head as she understood the meaning of Lin's threat. "No, no, no! I'll hold still! I'll try!"

Lin nodded. "You'd better. Don't think so much about your ass. Think about what you did to Jazz. See if that helps."

Ruby clenched her teeth, and tried to will herself still. She wasn't very good at displays of raw willpower, but something about Lin's words struck home. As she felt the spanking begin anew, Ruby vividly remembered hitting Jazz. After two dozen spanks, Lin brushed her hand lightly across Ruby's buttocks to feel the radiant heat, and nodded. "All done with the warmup. Get to the corner, and no rubbing, same as Jazz."

Whimpering, Ruby trudged to join Jazz in the same corner. They were practically cheek to cheek, but neither could look the other in the eyes.

Lin crossed her arms and examined her paint job on both bottoms. "Now, if it was just the fence, or just a stupid mistake, I'd be satisfied. But you also put us all at risk, with your fool-heading fighting. So here's my question…"

Lin unbuckled her rawhide belt, pulled it from the loops, and held it taut between her hands. "Which of you deserves a lickin' with the belt most?"

Jazz twisted to scowl at Lin. "Hold on, you can't hit Ruby with that. Her ass is way too delicate. She's not tough enough to handle it!"

Lin shook her head. "I don't care about that. I care about who deserves it more."

Jazz looked momentarily puzzled, then seemed to have a light bulb moment. "Gee, when you put it that way, I guess we both kinda deserve it, but it's really not fair. My ass is more battle hardened."

Ruby shook her head, her shoulders trembling. "No! It was all my fault! I'm supposed to be the responsible one!"

Lin cocked an eyebrow. "Oh? Do go on, Miss Ruby."

Ruby twisted to look at Lin, her lip quivering. "I…I'm used to having to look out for Jazz, so when I saw her go near the fence, I felt responsible! But…Jazz, I was angry about this whole stupid vacation turning into another disaster…and I took it out on you. I shouldn't have spanked you, Jazz! I'm so, so sorry!"

Jazz twisted to look at Ruby, face-to-face as they both stuck out their bare, spanked bottoms. Finally, they were able to look into each other's eyes. "Huh? But you spank me all the time! I like it!"

Ruby shook her head, tears spilling down her eyes. “Not like that! I struck you in anger! I was *awful* to you!”

“Well, I was angry and I struck you right back. We were both awful…to one another…”

Jazz suddenly remembered Lin’s presence. “Say, Mrs. Lin, what was it you said about you and your husband?

Lin smiled. “I want to bless and serve him first, before myself, then trust him to bless and serve me right back. Some days, I feel like I do more of the blessing and serving for him, but that’s okay, because other days, he’s the one doing all the blessing and serving. For little ole’ me.”

“Yeah! That stuff! Ruby, I’m so, so sorry I didn’t listen to you.”

“Well, I’m sorry I tried to boss you around. I treated you like a child.”

Jazz pressed her forehead against Ruby’s. “Well, I *was* acting like a spoiled brat.”

Ruby sank her face onto Jazz’s shoulder, wiping away a tear. “Well, I wasn’t acting any better!”

“So, you forgive me?”

“Of course I do! Wait, you’re forgiving me? Just like that?”

“Duh, I forgive you. Say, Mrs. Lin, you can’t spank Ruby for this. Spank me instead.”

“No! I don’t want Jazz punished for what I did! Spank me, not her!”

Lin cracked up, her laughter rich and booming. “Land sakes, this was *not* what I expected. I figured you two would both argue and tell me to spank the other one, then I was gonna whup you both raw, then spend the entire rest of the day spanking you in multiple sessions, to reinforce the point. But I can see you’ve both learned a valuable lesson! You both were willing to accept responsibility, and show self-sacrificial love, so in that case…”

Jazz and Ruby’s faces lit up. Then, Lin snapped the belt. “...I’ll give you *both* a quick lickin’ with the belt, just like you deserve, and that’ll be it. An hour ought to do it. Both of you, go bend over one of those hay bales, ass up.”

Jazz and Ruby froze, then meekly stood at attention, both answering at once. “Yes, ma’am.”

The round hay bales were soft against their exposed bellies, and just the right size to prop their bottoms up high in the air behind them. Ruby and Jazz both winced as they bent sharply over, feeling the fiery marks from the hand spanking flare up. They glanced at one another, both

knowing they were sharing the same temptation. They wanted to rub the sting away, so bad! But their fear of Lin helped them obey. Behind them, they heard a sharp crack.

Jazz peeked, and noticed that Lin held it in one hand like a long whip. Jazz recalled how, last time she had been spanked by a random stranger with a belt, it had been an ornery cannibal by name of Susan. That had been the beginning of a beautiful friendship!

On that occasion, Susan had folded her belt over on itself, to produce a heavier stroke, before blistering Jazz's behind. Jazz wasn't sure why Lin wasn't folding the belt, until it occurred to her that, with so much free space, Lin could easily swing her entire arm in here. And just as Jazz came to that realization, Lin snapped the belt like a whip across both the succubi's bare buttocks with a single, well-aimed stroke.

The pleading began immediately.

…

Sallie May carried a tupperware container in either hand, then propped open the door of the woodshed. "Howdy, Ma! I'm home! You remember Millie's wimpy husband? Well, turns out he's quite a chef. He sent me home with a peach cobbler and an apple pie to–"

Sallie May was greeted by the sight of two strange succubi, lying bare-assed over hay bales, as her dear, sweet mother went to town on them with a belt-whupping. Sallie May slowly nudged the door shut behind her with her foot. "I can see you're busy!"

An hour passed, second after agonizing second. After only a few minutes, the girls exhausted themselves, and ceased squirming, though they continued to beg and bewail. Then they broke down sobbing uncontrollably. Then their cries softened, and they only apologized. No more bribes or bargaining. Sensing she had tamed the girls' willfulness, Lin slowed down the pace of the spanking, without softening the blows themselves, giving Jazz and Ruby plenty of time to feel each stroke, and contemplate the next one. For the final half hour, Jazz and Ruby lay obediently in place, too tired to disobey, even if they wanted to.

Lin wiped a bead of sweat away, panting from the exertion. "All right, ladies, that will do. You can rub now, if you think it will help."

With surprising speed, Jazz and Ruby both hopped on their feet, rubbing their buttocks with both hands as they hopped in circles around the haystacks, performing the war dance of the soundly spanked. The slower pace of the spanking toward the end had given them a chance to catch their breath, and quietly await this moment.

Lin sat herself back down on the stool with a sigh, and patted her lap. "Come have a seat, girls. I ain't gonna' spank you again. I just want to talk."

Lin held open her arms, and Jazz and Ruby rushed to sit on her lap, nestling their faces against her shoulders as they pulled her into a hug, and let her return the embrace. Lin cupped one of her rough hands across each of their bottoms. “There, there. I’m sorry I had to do that. But what you did today was reckless, and stupid. We’re lucky no one got hurt nor killed today. Are you ever gonna’ repeat that mistake?”

Ruby shook her head. “No, ma’am. We understand. And we’re truly sorry!”

Jazz nodded. “Yeah, super-duper sorry! Thanks for the spanking. I think you beat out Princess Stella, for longest, hardest spanking ever. Plus, you’re probably tied with Susan, for best attitude-adjustment spanking. I feel like I ought to invite everyone who’s ever spanked me to a big party. You can all meet my mom, she’s the best! Not the best spanker, but maybe you all can give her tips? Oh, and can you ever forgive us for recklessly endangering you and your family?”

“Of course I forgive you.”

Jazz and Ruby wrapped their arms tight around Lin, pressing their breasts lightly against the shorter woman’s face from either side. Lin blinked, before remembering that the two city-girls were a pair of succubi, after all. “All right, enough of that. I’ve had my fill of breasts and ass for one day!”

Lin acted stern, but all three of them cracked up giggling. Lin stood and stretched. “Well, seeing as that took up most of my afternoon, what say I order some pizza. You girls go tidy up. There’s a bottle of lotion in the bathroom sink. You’re welcome to use it.”

Jass and Ruby glanced at their still bare backsides. They had been bright red before the belting had even begun. Now, they saw mottled red-violet, raised marks stretching across the entire surface of their scorched seats. “Yes, ma’am,” chirped both girls.

Lin gave both girls a peck on the cheek. “No need to call me ‘ma’am’ or ‘missus.’ Call me Lin.”

After the spanking, all was forgiven, and nothing more was said of the incident with the broken fence. Though, once they were properly introduced to Sallie May, Jazz and Ruby couldn’t resist telling the whole story themselves from the beginning. By tomorrow morning, they were still a bit sore, but volunteered to help with chores again, and Uncle Rumpus dropped off their rental car.

Ruby held Lin’s hands as they said their goodbyes. “Thank you again, Mrs…I mean, thanks, Lin!”

“And thank you, Ruby. You girls are welcome in my home anytime.”

Jazz nodded, then caressed her behind. “Yeah! It was pretty fun here. Me and Rubes should come back here! Just, without the spanking stuff, you know? Hehe…”

Lin pinched them both on the cheek, lightly (the cheeks on their face, not their butts). “That sounds lovely. If you two promise there will be no more fighting, I promise there will be no more spanking!” Then she pinched them both on the cheek again (the cheeks on their butts, not their face.) And not so lightly.

The Knowlastname family gathered to send them off. “If Millie and I are in the Circle of Lust, we’ll look you up! Drive safe now!” called Sallie May.

Ruby twisted to look out the window as they drove away. “We will! And if we don’t, tell your mom she can spank us!”

After they left behind the Rough n’ Tumbleweed Ranch, Jazz sat quietly.

Ruby tapped the steering wheel. “Next time, we are definitely going to Loo Loo World.”

Jazz pulled up the website on her phone. “Already on it, Rubes. I’ll book us a hotel. Ooh, sweet, I can get us dinner reservations and a discount through the app!”

“What? Right now?”

“We’ve got three whole days of vacation left…Hopefully our asses are safe.”

Ruby fidgeted on her seat. “While you’re at it, can you book us for a massage?”

The End